



The "I" of Writing

What are the things I know well in this world?

The back of my hand, Green grows on trees,
Electric trains, Guinea Pigs, Computers,
Paul Ecke Central, Wes, Shelley, Ella,
Ms. Left, Soccer, My team, Homework, Writing,

Soccer refereeing, Books, Beach,
Boogie boarding, piano, reading,
music, food, cooking, Quail Gardens
stars, chipmunk statue, Smiled
face balloons in pine, Blue Jay,
ocean, sky, Poppy flowers,

Homework

8-22-07

"I of Whiting"



Chhhh! ding DING! ding DING! ding DING! ding DING! "You are clear for departure!" announces the station master as my Santa Fe passenger train rolls out of the station. Clickety Clack! Clickety Clack! Blazing past lush forests and gargantuan waterfalls. Down the gates go as the train slides through a railroad crossing. The plastic figures sit atop lounge chairs in the warm comfort of the Vista Dome Car. You can hear the clinking of forks and spoons hitting plates in the Dining Car. Boy does that hot chocolate smell good! The ever pure sound of the Locomotives whistle fills the room and enters my eardrums. "We are, now approaching the San Diego train Depot," says the conductor. "Please wait till the train comes to a complete stop then you may exit at any one of the appetating doors. Thank you for riding."

